HIS VARIED LIFE AT SEA. CAPT. SUCKMAN'S EXPERIENCES WITH PARRAGUT, EVANS AND DEWEY.

Reminiscences as a Sailor for Forty Years Tain Attempts to Drive Supercition from His Men An Incorrigible New York Boy He Took to Sea to Beform. CHAMBERSHURG, Pa., Oct. 29 .- Among those persons in Franklin county, Pa., who follows the movements of the navy of the United States with keen interest was John H. Buckman, a relired sea Captain of many years' experien es the waters of both hemispheres. He now resides on a farm of more than 200 scres uear Paretteville. An Irishman of good family, but log a wanderer from the paternal hearth store; an American by adoption, a sailor from sholes and a participant in the sea fights suring the sixties, because of his love for the Inlow, he has had a varied and interesting lifeline. He was a sailor nineteen years be fore the civil war and he served in the war apier some of the officers, then Lieutenants, wo attained new calebrity in the recent war. He was on the Hartford under Admiral Farment when that fearless commander apposited the defences of New Orleans in April, 1862, and saw Farragut standing on the brerigging of his ship, with one arm through the rattlings, but he did not see an officer or a sallor lash bim to the mast, nor does he believe that the Admiral was so protected from prob able accident "It's hardly right to take away

but facts must always remain facts." Perhaps the officer for whom Capt, Buckman has the greatest affection is Capt, "Bob" Evans. When the land attack was made on Fort Fishe se Jan. 15, 1865, Lieut, Evans was leader of a scaling party and was at the bead of his men. A quick rush was made for a ladder, and there was emulation among the party to reach first, Lieut Evans beat Buckman; to the adder by about six feet, and as he climbed gron its runes he was hit by a rifle ball in the high receiving the injury which yet causes im to walk lamely. "I have always though I have ceasen to be grateful to 'Bob' Evans hat he was the fleeter of foot," remarks Capt. Buckman We made a hard run to be there fist, but it was only for a second that I was per my legs had failed my ambition."

from the romance of that day's great work by

the galiant Admiral," reflects Capt. Buckman

Cart. Buckman sailed under Admiral Dewey and has no fear that America's Interests will saffer in the Philippines an long as that magnificent naval officer and diplomat is ther He subgices the Straness and coolness of the Admiral and his surerior fitness for his place That Deve; was always a man of resources Cast. Buckman illustrates by a story of an occurrence in Boston harbor. A lot of green leishned had been sent to his ship. He ordered them sholt, but they refused to go, apparently afraid to risk their neeks so far from deta flewer thought over the matter a moment, and sent out to a store for half a dozen hods. When they were obtained he ordered the rishmen to carry bricks to one of the crosspieces and lay them there, and Capt. Buckman urs he and his comrades were somewhat surprised at the alacrity with which the Irishmen, hole over their shoulders, climbed aloft. Once as inshman get the better of Dewey, then a leutenant-Commander, in a brief passage of words. The ship was being prepared at Bosten for sea. Dewey asked the Irishman whether he had "ever been to sea." The quick re-"And how do yez think I came to this coun-

tr, in a donk eart?" Of course, Capt. Buckman has a store of remhiscences of the sea that is almost unfathomshie. He was a sailor for forty years, and hows the legends and the customs of saflors. ye is familiar with all the superstitions of lack," and does not believe in one of them. rethe confesses that he has had some experi-sces that are hard to explain. The lines are the most superstiffous sailors. They esces that are hard to explain. The finns are the most superstitious sailors. They are great wanderers, and incoulate nearly all the rest of the sailors with their superstitions. Cast Buckman tells several incidents of the remarkable hold this "uncanny power" has on them. On the burk Wild Rover, of which he was Captain, he had a Finn as carpenter. One day the carpenter was squaring a piece of timber and placed his watch on the rail. In reply to a query as to whether he was not afraid some one would take it, he rentled:

No. Any man would be glad to bring it back. He placed his purse on top of it to show his confidence, and said:

"I will leave that there until sunset, and I dare any man to take it. If he does, he will bring it back, I say—that is, if he can."

Not one of all the motley crew would touch the pile, but Capt. Buckman watched his opportunity and put the articles in his pocket. Feterson, the carpenter, when he observed his less, performed all sorts of jugglery. He took three hairs, three drops of water from the tack and three from the ocean, put all in a bottle and shook it violently, all the time blathering like Shakespoare's witches," and the glive it overboard. He informed the

bottle and shook it violently, all the time bathering like Shakespeare's witches, and they three it overboard. He informed the Carlain that the crew would be a man short next morning: that the charms he had worked would drive the thief to jump overboard and drawn himself. Lest he might be auspected of huring the sallor who was doomed to have Jones's locker, he requested the Captain to lock him up. He was not locked up and all lands replied next morning. For a week there was almost as much trouble aboard as if the thief had been murdered or drowned, for the sallors could not understand why the charm had falled to work, and they waited, in a slate of nervous expectancy that almost brodged insulvorlination! for the blow to fall rach dar. At the end of a week the Captain restored the money and witch and endeavored to breach a lesson on the absurdity of sallors appressitions, but they would have lose of it.

Ohe day as Cant. Buckman was preparing to sall from New York he was visited by a groomi-

restored the money and witch and endeavored to breach a lesson on the absurdity of salors appersitions, but they would have been of it.

The day as Capt. Buckman was preparing to sal from New York he was visited by a promisent and wealthy politician who asked that he has with him on the voyage his son, a reckless fellow, who had been well educated, but had chosen to associate with eriminals. Last Buckman refused, as his ship was not a reformatory, nor a penitentiary, he said. But his mother of the young man pleaded with him to take her boy away from his evil comscious and save him for her. The Captain Eristain in his refusal, until the tears of the mother melted him and he agreed to accept he would fellow as a salior. The mother was arise in her thanks and bade such a farewell to be son as should have attempthened him to do right. But he couldn't. The bad was too sector moted. Before the pilot left the ship he young fellow as a salior. The mother was a saish in her thanks and bade such a farewell a her son as should have attempthened him to do right. But he couldn't. The bad was too sector moted. Before the pilot left the ship he young fellow as in the brig. Caut. Buckpan, after keeping him three or four days on was an after keeping him three or four days on was and water, went to him and said:

Want you to do a seaman's duty. If you one on feek and do the best you can you'll have a pleasant time: If not, you'll have a rist hard existence.

Alter 40 decrees south latitude had been selled i noticed that he had a hacking cough take the first had been as the first had been selled in the sell and the said her wanted to a sea from a strange coincidence, the Swede has been time asked if he could wait upon the said from the said had been as the first him to the side he had a sell and he had seen him immp over the rail which is sile suddenly ended. And now had he had seen him immp over the rail with he sheat had a seel and a sellor never does that he had seen him immp over the rail with he him seen him to the sea. The

Buckman does not believe in the of sallors, and while he has, to the sallors, and while he has, to the sallors, and while he has, to the sallors thought to me and \$500 well-developed devil." he never-

of the first whost brought to me and \$500 the first which throught to me and \$500 the first which elected devil." he neverseas acknowledges that strange things there are no strange of the first would baffle the phisophy of ligratio. Here are two strange which happened to him:

The which happened to him:

The watches had all been posted and if the mader a heavy preas of canvas," he if the watches had all been posted and if the strange was the first the ship was on hor course and settled to my bed in my cabin. Suddenly straight to my bed in my cabin. Suddenly straight the ship was on hor course and settled as a straight of the first was awakened a look as a counterted myself with the thought at lad been dreaming, and relapsed into sectiousness. Soon after I was awakened a gornes siap on the face and the expectation of the first straight of the face and the expectation of the face and the expectation of the face and the face and the face and the face and the expectation of the face and the f

other vessel coming from the opposite direction and commanded by an Englishman whose

other vessel coming from the disposite direction and commanded by an Easilahman whose one was worn out by continuous labor and who had used all his of to quest a wild sea and was sailing without a light of any kind. Had I not been roused and gone on deek when a lidd we would eartainly have had a pollision. Now, that voice that I lapeled I heard seemed to be my mother's voice. The strangest part about it was that no nerson on board the ship knew that John II, was the first part of my name. I afterward asked my mother if she had any particular recollection of Oct. 15, with reference to me. She said she had not.

Another time, after a while the Cantain continued. I was working on a Pacific Mail steamer, from Acapulco, Mexico, to San Diego, Cai., in a thick fog. I told my men that I had the latitude and longitude of San Diego, and directed them to slow down the sail and take soundings. Then I went into my room, looked my door securely and if you were every man's hand was against the Captain, you will know that the door could not be easily opened from the outside when locked) and sat down. The lights were burning low. Suddenly the door opened and a voice exclaimed: John' I hurried to the door, there was no one to be seen, and then hastened to the deak. There I heard the sea lions on the beach and had just time to order the anchors out to prevent our going to the rocks. The voice that called me was, to my ear, that of my eister Margie, and also was a that time in Paris.

"Sailors have so many superstitione that I cannot enumerate them all," said the Captain with a smile, as he recalled some of the odd things they do. "For instance, no sailor will but on his left shoe before his right was on, was caught by a const guard and in his anger, as allow the first who run his left shoe tied before has right was on, was caught by a const guard and in his anger on. The story that goes with this left one tied before has right was on, was caught by a const guard and in his anger of storms. You never see a petrel in calm weather.

PINE RIDGE'S BIG FENCE

It Is to Be Nearly Seventy Miles Long-Its

Purpose Is to Keep Out Cattle. CHAMBERTAIN, S. D., Oct. 23,-The mammoth overnment fence along the entire northern porder of the Pine Ridge Indian reservation. which has been projected for several years, is finally being constructed, and will be completed in a few days. The fence is one of the ongest in the West, having a total length of nearly seventy miles. Before the construction of the fence the reservation and the ceded lands were divided only by the White River, which, when frozen in winter, formed no effective barrier against the nvasion of cattle belonging to white stockmen. They drifted with blizzards to the reservation. This resulted in between some of the Indians and the cattlemen. Only last year nearly 1,000 head of cattle belonging to members of the Western South Dakota Stock Growers' Association were found on the reservation, where storms had driven them. They were seized by the Indians and held to enforce the payment of \$1 a head for their care during the interval pending their voluntary removal by the owners. The services of South Dakota's Congress delegation in Washington were required to secure the release of the cattle without the necessity of paying the amount demanded by the Indians.

Since then the friction between the cattlenen and the comparative handful of Sloux who were disposed to make them all the trouble they could reached an acute stage. and the construction of the fence was finally determined upon. At one time, since this course was decided upon by the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, it was believed seriously that a faction of Sioux at Pine Ridge agency, led by the celebrated chief, Red Cloud, who was opposed to the building of the fence, would resort to force to prevent its construction, and the Washington authorities even went so far as to ntimate that United States troops would be intimate that United States troops would be detailed to protect the contractor and his force of men. However, this element contented itself with holding a council, promulgating a protest to the Indian Commissioner and selecting a representative to go to Washington to lay their objections before the Federal Indian Commissioner. Their cifief objections were that the money to be used in the receiting of the tribe in the function of the fence, which cost about \$200 g mile, was taken from the funds deposited to the credit of the tribe in the funds deposited to the credit of the tribe in

money to be used in the erection of the fence, which cost about \$200 s mile, was taken from the funds deposited to the credit of the tribe in the United States Treasury at Washington, which money was intended by Congress for educational purposes only, and that to put it to the use proposed would be a violation of intended the consequences of the use proposed would be a violation of intended that they were on good terms with the whites, and did not wish to "bear the consequences of the revengeful spirit of the band of selfishersatures within our borders."

United States Indian Agent Clapp of the Pine Ridge reservation and James McLaughlin, the well-known Indian inspector, were both severely-denounced for favoring the erection of the fence. It was also pointed out that while there were nearly a million head of cattle on the ranges in the ceded lands directly tributary to the Pine Ridge reservation, in one winter only 900 head drifted to the Indian lands, and that this comparatively small number did not justify the construction of an expensive and useless fence, especially when it was decided to charge the expenditure to the Indians' account. The new fence does not closely follow the White River, but runs as close to it as is permitted by the dense growth of underbrush along that stream. On the Indian is dee of the hine live many Sloux, who have in the aggregate a large number of cattle of their own. These, it is expected, will be able to procure abundant supplies of water from the "draws" running back from the river to the Indian side of the fence. The structure has five wires and eadar, placed alternately, so that if prairie fires destroy the eedar posts the iron posts will still maintain the fence in good condition. Gates are placed at intervals, to be used in every durable, the posts being of iron and cedar, placed missed to the reservation of the boss farmer, who will be held responsible for its condition. Sub-agencies, under the charge of white employees, have been established at intervals of the fence, have

TATTOOED THE SOLDIERS.

A Former Sailor Makes the Rounds of the

Military Camps with Profit.

READINO, Oct. 29.—Michael J. Butler has just returned to his home here after making the rounds of various United States camps. But-ler is in the tattooing business. He found trade among the soldiers very remunerative. At Camp Meads he had the pleasure of tattooing a snake around the neck of a Massachu-setts Captain. Butler has the back of his dog shaved, on which is tattooed the Havana hor-ror with the watchword "Remember the Maine." The dog goes around with him. This successful tattooer is barely 35 years old, but

Maine." The dog goes around with him. This successful tattooer is barely 35 years old, but looks 50, and has been around the world. He carries a book of samples of tattoo emblems with the price of each attached. There is one picture to every page, nicely colored, and the line embraces goddeases of liberty. Bags, eagles, United States coats of arm. Cuba's fiag, warships, anchors danoing giris, crosses and all the stock pictures that have been tattooed on men for years.

At Camp Meade, Butter says, he was very accessful. The price runs from \$1.25 to \$8 for each job. He gots \$10 for tattooing a snake colled about a man's neck. He has made as high as \$30 a day.

Soldiers have plenty of time in camp, and they take to tattooing, especially if they are not laid up by the operation. Patriotic emblems in colors are mostly in vogue among the soldiers. Butler hands around his sample book. The soldiers examine the colored platures with prices attached, and select what they want. Cash in advance is the rule. Butler drew the pictures in the book and colored them himself. In this way he can guarantee an exact dunificate in his tattoo work. The other day, he says, he tatto ad the face of a man's wife on his breast. Butler was a sailor in the famous disaster.

VIENNA'S SERVANT GIRLS. RACH ONE HAS A CERTIFICATE THAT BHE IS A TREASURE.

that Austria possesses a police-controlled ser-vant system, possibly in no other country in

the world is the so-called servant problem so

troublesome. In point of organization the

employed in European countries. As it is

system that has no superior for organization

best possible results, yet the problem it

nder the control and supervision of a police

Most servant girls in Austria come from Bo-

hemia, which fact in itself is sufficient to indi-

cate to those acquainted with the unedu-cated Bohemians why the Austrian system is

register of every servant in the city.

her name and a record of the transaction b

entered in the archives. The servant then either

registers at an employment agency or inserts

an advertisement in a newspaper. When she

succeeds in securing a place she is obliged to

hand her book over to her employer, who in

turn must appear before the police authori-

situated, and there have the servant's name,

together with the date of the beginning of her

service, duly registered in the book. This

must be done within twenty-four hours after

the girl enters upon her duties, and should it

not be attended to within that time a fine of

\$2 is imposed. Or should the registration,

anneldung, not be done within the required

space of time, and afterward, in order to avoid

ne fine, a later date is given, the proceeding is

treated as one involving the giving of false

testimony, and the misdoer must suffer the

A simple way in which the police ascertain

whether a false date has been given is to ex-

amine the servant's book for the date upon

which she left her last employment. If a

month or more has elapsed since the last date

girl to appear at the police station. She is then

juestioned as to her whereabouts during the

period unaccounted for. Servant girls have a wholesome dread of the city guardians,

penalty of the law for that offence.

ties in the district in which her apartment is

'Mrs. Gratebar !" said little Susan Staybolt ooking in at the open door. "my mother wants to know if you will lend her a little sarahratus." "Sareh Batus! child?" said Mrs. Gratebar.
"Why. for the land's sake. what on earth do you mean?"
"Well. I suppose you call it sally ratus." said little Susan. "but you know my father dimen't let us use blokusmes."

OLD PRINTS IN GREAT DEMAND, They Are Used for Decorating Lamp Shades Shopping Bags, 20

Old prints show out in new and popular guis this season, and have developed a value apart from their soft tones and apt illustration. Old-Tee Mistreeses Are Continually Changing Their Help and Are Lond in Their Wall. -The System of Strict Police Supervision time Paris and London journals with frontis-pleces and fashion plates worth having are bought up eagerly by the importers' agents, of Servante in Austria and Ita Results. samuelally those issues that were current as long VIENEA, Sept. 28.—Notwithstanding the fact age as 1803 and thereabouts. The prints are cut out and let in on silk and satin surfaces to he used for decorative fancy work, or else are framed in burnt wood or stucco work frames and hung singly or in medallion groups Austrian system stands at the head of those of three and five, for walls and cabinet adornment. Screens are made of them, each panel composed of flustrations of a certain era, and one or two old prints are certain and accurate operation, one would think that Austria would be in a position to obtain the to be a prain feature of the latest type of lamp shade. Amateur workers who have deft fingers ahade. and the wit and exactness to carry out their own designs make use of the prints in such Austro-Hungarian monarchy is one of the most harassing that people have to deal with. novel ways as please them best, but the majority get together the requisite number of prints and carry them to some shade or screen naker who can introduce them in the right position and set them off with appropriat poor. The girls belong to the lower Osech

classes and speak German imperfectly, if at all New York shopkeepers who are suspected of The average Czech servant is noted for her having an accumulation of old-time books and journals on hand are besieged these days by facility for lying and pilfering, yet these are the girls whom Austrian housewives have to an onset of old-print seekers, and chests and employ. A consequence is that three months is a fair average time for the general run of stowaway trunks are ransacked for the especial sporting pictures or gay-tinted frontis servants to remain in a home. One can readpiece that some member of the family may retly picture the woes of Vienness housekeep ers, but were it not for the extent to which member to have seen during a former search of effects. The early numbers of the first the police department interests itself in the American fashion sheats and Blustrated quar welfare of the girls, the evils would doubtless torifes and monthlies are also being unearthed be much worse.

The system by which the municipal author from long-packed boxes and their most available treasures made use of, but stray fragments ities of Vienna control servants is one of the of La Relle Assemblee, the Dublin Monthly Mumost complicated branches of municipal govseum and Ackerman's Repository, if ernment. It requires the employment of a sessed of a print or two, go like hot cakes, while the purchasers eagerly small army of officials, and as no fees are charged for transactions the city must support pick out the pages they want and throw it by extra taxes. Thousands of volumes of the rest away. Old brocades and rare record books must be kept and tons of stapieces of tapestry figured conspicuously in fete day gifts last season, and this year the prints tionery are used annually in this one branch of the Government. The city being divided have favor. For work boxes, the stiff silk into districts, few hitches occur in the manhave favor, For work boxes, the stiff slik panels of framed opera bags and shopping bags, prints that are used-order or of an all-over neutral tint are used, framed in with minute spangled or corded guimpe, or a fine outlining of embroider; that finishes the edge of the cloth or slik where it is cut away, but does not attract too much notice from the print itself. These prints are the likenesses of noted belies and beauties, generally in court dress, with claborately coiffed hair and bejewelled arms and fingers: a mantle tippet, or fan gives agement and the police keep an accurate A servant's connection with the police station begins as soon as she wishes to go into service. Before she can enter any service whatever she must report to the Magis trate's office, make known her wish to be inscribed as a dienstmödchen, and if she can fur nish proof of her identity to the satisfaction of the authorities a servant's book is made out in

These prints are the likenesses of noted belies and benuties, generally in court dress, with elaborately colfied tair and beliewelled arms and fingers; a mantle, tippet, or fan gives grace and distinctiveness; or maybe, if it is a full-length likeness, the grand dame's delicately sandalled foot peeps out from skirts limp or skimpy or beflounced, according to the vogue of the time.

A lamp shade of nasturtium vellow silk, which is six sided, has two such old trints let in on opposite panels and framed about with a darker tinting. Fringe a finger deep of twisted gold thread finishes the edge. Another lamp shade of the same shape has old prints of 1803 representing a trio of London women in street dress. The groundwork of the lamp shade is two rand there is an eyeletting of dark blue spangles framing the print. To modernday eyes these fashionable dames of a century ago look much as though they had walked out in dressing sacks, put on over panamas, but their hair is so elaborate and sheir hats and parasols so bedizzened as to banish the thought. Another ald print of ancient date, meant for mounting on a fire screen, shows a group in evening dress, with scarfs round about their bare shoulders, medallions hanging from girdles that define the very short waist, and headdresses that suggest beguiffed nightcaps with a nosegay on the erown and another tucked in under the face frill. All of these prints have been colored by hand, in pretty blues, lavenders and greens, and the bright, very low-quartered and extremely pointed slippers show out under gowns that trail in front and behind, and have to be held up to admit of the wearer's movements.

Spirited old prints representing fishermen, carsnen, chariot drivers, hunters and wine bibbers are used for decorating men y accessories. By far the oddest prints are those depicting fat old friars and honely peasants engaged at some religious observance and those showing the women of conventional life watering the primmest of prim green geraniums, or maybe sitting idle in stiff-stik

ing the primmest of prim green geraniums, or maybe slitting idle in stiff-stited attitude, with a poll parrot nearby or a very woodeny looking, hight-capped baby in a cradle beside their chair. The fishion journals of those times seem to have neglected no phase of life, and the old-print enthusiasts have a wide field to choose from. When making their fancy gifts and belongings they can have something to suit the domestic, the athletic, the æsthetic and the sentimentally inclined.

Certain of these old book frontispleces, now destined for practical uses, have brought prices quite out of proportion to their size and original value, as is usual with anything that comes to be a fad. Those who have these yery old periodicals in their possession can readily realize on them, for the propajetors of the gift shops and knickknack and embroidery stores stand ready to take them off their hands. The old-time portrait silhouette is being put to service in the same way. Some of these bought from old house collections sell for as much as \$5 and \$6. They are used in silver gray surfaces and outlined with black and gold guinpe interspersed with spangles. By the way, parti-colored spangles in exaggerated form, as large as a dime or one-cent plece, and of expensive quality, are set into the pattern of tapester-covered and embroidered couch a wholesome dread of the city guardians, hence a few fierce looks and short, sharp questions accompanied by an admonition to tell the strict truth, are sufficient to extract truthful answers from these usually untruthful specimens of humanity, so that successful evasion of the law on this point is rare.

Again, should the mistress discharge her girl, she must appear before the police and have the book abgemeldet, handing over to the police at the same time a certificate of character. It is not necessary to explain to the authorities reasons for the discharge of a girl. The law does require, however, that unless the girl has been reported and arrested for stealing, she shall receive a good character. No matter what her good or bad qualities may be, the certificate must state that the girl has proved herself to be truthful, industrious and honest, or the employer must report the girl for theft. In the latter case the girl is called before the police, the mistress of the house must appear personally at the station and prove a case of theft, and long proceedings are instituted. It is needless to add that the girl receives a good character. form, as large as a dime of one-cent piece, and of expensive quality, are set into the pattern of tapestry-covered and embroidered couch cushions. They glitter and look handsome, but do away entirely with the idea of soothing and comfort that is the primary reason for a pillow's existence.

NUTWEG RIED STORIES.

Partridges Brought Down with a Bell and Quails with a Whip.

prove a case of their, and tong proceedings are instituted. It is needless to add that the girl receives a good character, unless her employer happens to be very determined. A servant was discharged for pilering small articles of warring apparel and for discrete the conduct. The mistress of the house dismissed the girl, and wrote a certificate to the effect that the servant had proved herself willing, good-natured and industrious. The certificate was not accepted.

"According to law, a certificate must state that a servant is free, fetering server in the transfer of Folice." Yes, but she wasn't such a model creature." Yes, but she wasn't such a model creature. The woman replied. "If she were, I shouldn't send her she done?" snapped the official. "Has she stolen? If so, make out your complaint and the girl will be arrested."

The woman did not wish to make trouble for the girl, and said so.

"Then and 'tree, fetersig und chritch' to your certificate, please."

"The law then requires that you either have a girl arrested or testify that she possesses all the attributes of a model servant?" the woman was plucky enough to reply.

The official looked up sharply, casting a withering glance of reproval at one daring to criticise the workings of the Government, and continued writing. With a few scratches of the pen the necessary words were added, and the originates the workings of the Government, and engineering the criticise the workings of the Government, and engineering the criticise the workings of the Government, and the originates the workings of the Government, and continued writing. With a few scratches of the pen the necessary words were added, and the originates of mally read that "Anna Holinovo was in my employment from June 1 until Aug. 25, during which period she proved herself truthful, willing, industrious, good-natured and honest." And as the woman turned away she sighed to think what a boon a servant possessing these qualifications would be. How must here to a support the pen should be proved the pen sh NEW HAVEN, Conn., Oct. 29 .- Up in New Hartford, on Town Hill, there stands a lonely church of the traditional New England type white, with green blinds, and a box-shaped open steeple. This church was long ago aban doned in consequence of the desertion of the countryside for the city by the later generations of New Hartford people. A heavy bell hangs in the steeple. It is never rung now except on the rare occasion of an interment in the little churchyard near by. Hence the neighbors were surprised on Tuesday to hear a muffled peal. There was no sign of life about the church, and beyond speculating as to what caused the ringing of the bell nothing was done On the following day a second sounding of the bell occurred, precisely like the first, and it was determined to ascertain the cause. Ladders were procured, and a party of boys made their way to the creaking floor of the breezy old belfry. There, under the bell, lay the bodies of two fat partridges, both of which had been crushed out of shape by the force with which the birds had flown against the bell.

A tower on Mount Tom, below Litchfield. which was erected some years ago by the Columbia College summer school of engineer ing, had brought low more than a dozen well fed partridges lately, which plumped into it after the manner of the Town Hill birds.

William Clark, a North Madison farmer, was

after the manner of the Town Hill birds.

William Clark, a North Madison farmer, was an unintentional violator of the game law on Thursday. While driving his two-horse team over Staddle Hill, in that town, two flocks of qualis came together in their flight directly above his head. The anties of the birds frightened his horses, so that he lost control of them, and, in his efforts to rein the animals in he plied his hash vigorously. In sawing his whip through the air he brought down five of the birds with the lash. After subduing the horses he stopped and pleked unthe qualis, and on the following day his bill of fare had something on it resembling quali pie, despite the fact that the game statute provides a fine for any person having dead qualis in his possession before the law is off.

Over in Groton Capt, John Spicer, who is one of the last of New London's successful whilemen, has been raising a brood of fine chickens of which his has taken great care. On Wednesday he heard a harbud about his hennery, and going out, found one chicken gone. The marauder was not in sight, and he took it for granted that a henhawk had made away with the chicken. On Thursday morning there was another racket in the coop, and, rushing to the spot, the veteran whale hunter was surprised to find the mother hen in the act of pecking the life out of what he supposed was a hawk. The hen was on top and the feathers were figuring in great shape. The Capiain darted into the coop and was still further surprised to find that instead of a hawk it was a fine partridge that the hen had killed. He bore off the stray bird in triumph. He is still at a loss to say whether the partridge was attempting to steal his chickens or not.

Near Wangumbaug Lake, in Tolland county, Chester Griswold had an experience with a coon the other night which was more interesting to him than any he expects to have with dear the him had been broken off about a yard fastened with a tiny paddock a lickel plated chair, which had been broken off about a yard fastened with a t

SONGS IN THE BOYS' CLUBS.

TOUNGSTERS TAKE TO MUSIC IN

Patriotic Songs Appeal Most to Them and Then Come the Sentimental and Humor ous-Some of the "Club Songs" The Are Sung on Occasions on the East Side. A hundred small boys singing at the top of their lungs a sentimental or humorous song with catchy music under the direction of a club manager may be seen any night among the clubs and other philanthropic institutions of the east side. And oh! how they sing! Eac boy endeavors to surpass his neighbor and to carry air and chorus entirely unaided. The re-suit is a volume of sound which would make

the Boston Handel and Haydn Society hold up

its hands in wild amazement. And it is good singing! The average street boy has a keen ear for music, a fair voice and a fine appreciation of the humorous. He is polite in his way and save little or nothing when he hears a song sung out of tune or listens to dull and inane compositions. But the politeness is not very deep. On the second recital there is some pointed comment in street language such as "Say, what's yer giving us?" or "Go home, Johnnie, and sing it to papa." or much do you get paid for that?" And the third time the hapless singer is likely to have some

thing a little unpleasant happen to him. This club singing has become a regular fea ture of the organization work throughout the elty. It was started some years ago in that famous institution the Boys' Club of St. Mark's place, which has 5,000 members, and is supposed to be the largest in the world. The average nightly attendance is about 700, and of this number at least one-half take part in the singing. Some of the boys have beautiful voices, and when they are so inclined they are allowed to do solo, quartet or double quartet work.

They are intensely patriotic and give "The Star-Spangled Banner" with the ring and rush of a brass band. Some of the older boys, whose voices are changed or changing give a good second, and so add a body to the music, which relieves it of shrillness. The club repertory varies from month to month, taking in the better class of new songs as they become popular. Juvenile taste is not so bad after all. It wants

patriotic music; next to that sentimental, and next to that humorous. Under instruction it improves rapidly. At the beginning of the new class the favorite songs of the boys are music hall songs. These they drop almost immediately and want better words and finer music. Finally they reach a point in which they want their own songs, and these, when they appeal to their imagination, become adapted first as class songs and afterward as a club songs. In this way nearly all of the boys' and many of the

girls' clubs in New York have their distinctive songs, as Columbia College favors the "Son of a Gambolier;" Yale, "Drink Her Down," and Harvard, "Drive Dull Care Away." At the Boys Club in St. Mark's place the club song is the following: TANKEE DOODLE, UP TO DATE.

Yankee Doodle came to town To see the Boys' Club muster— Be saw the crowd and laughed aloud, And said it was a buster. Choaus-Yankee Doodle, &c. Yankee Doodle went downstairs To see the boys a-playing— He held his head and sadly said: "I fear I can't be staying."

CHORUS-Yankse Doodle, &c. Yankee Doodle went upstairs
To hear the the boys a singing—
With cotton wool his ears were full,
And still they kept on ringing.

CHORUS - Yankee Doodle, &c. Yankee Doodle come again, Stay till nine and after--Lots of boys and lots of noise, And lots of fun and laughter CHORUS-Yankee Doodle, &c.

Croave—Yankee Doodle, &c.

The Aitruist Chapter, a flourishing boys' club which meets in Jefferson street not far from the new East Broadway Park, and consists of youngsters still in their teens, is noted on the east side for its musical accomplishments. It has considerable professional talent among its own members at a moment's notice. It favors English songs, but knows several in German and some in Russian. It gives nearly all the national anthems and a number of humorous parodies and topical compositions. Its eleverest song is based upon the club's greatest achievement, the mastering of Gilbert and Sullivan's "Mikade." The boys learned this opera a year ago and produced it in unique stels before many east side audiences. They had little money to spend and so painted their own costumes and got talented friends to supply the places of pianist, violinist, and flutist, who constituted the orchestra. They made so great a hit has season that they will repeat the undertaking this winter when they will give one or more benefit performances in aid of local philanthropies in which they are interested. The song was written by their superintendent, F. H. Tabor, and is as follows:

A merry crowd of home-made Japs.

A merry crowd of home-made Japa,

Ko-Ko and Pooh-Bah, Nanki-Poo, Yum-Yum and Katisha Extend to you a welcome true, Which no defect can mar.

Of skill or strength not boastful we,

Whose wills alone are strong; But purpose pure to-night shall be The burthen of our song.

If any clever critic, then,
To note our faults should think,
We crave him use a cautious pen
And kind, indulgent ink.

A trues to judgment, there and cold, 'Restrain tife ready tongue,' And prove that, though in wisdom old, In heart you still are young.

And so, in boyish merriment, We bid you loin to-night. Not doubting that "our true intent Is all for your delight." Little New York girls are not much behind their brothers in vocal skill. They have their own clubs and circles: in fact, they have so many of them that it is difficult to keep track of them all. Only a few, however, have club songs, most of them being satisfied with patriotic and sentimental music. The girls of the Evening Star Chapter of the Patriotic League have a composition about the destruction of the Maine for one of their favorite songs. The Boys' Recreation Camp of the Educational Alliance in Jefferson street is a club whose members endeavor to learn a little about the field, farm, and forest, and a great deal about swimming, fishing, crabbing, and baseball. In the winter they study debating and singing. Their favorite musical piece is this:

Oh, we're marching out to camp, Can't you hear our steady tramp As through the city's noisy streets we pe and the doze begin to bark As we come to Pelham Park And wake the little insects in the grass.

. CHORUS. Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching.
Hark: the sound is borne upon the breeze;
Every heart with pleasure bests
As we leave the scorching streets
And march beneath the gloaming of the trees

They won't know us in the town. For our faces are so brown.
And the skin is coming off our hands and feet;
But we do not care a jot
If we have to lose the los.
For we're camping in the fields for a treat. CHORUS-Tramp, tramp, tramp, &c.

CHORUS—Tramp, tramp, tramp, &c.

The musical wave has reached even into Chinatown. In narrow and crooked Dovers street there are schools and clubs for the little waifs of the neighborhood. Chinese. Chinese half breed, Italian, Russian, Irish, and German, and here they are taught to read and write, to sew and darn, to be polite, and to talk correctly. The monotony of instruction is broken by stories and singing, so that the clubrooms are the favorite resort of every little girl and boy in the neighboorhood. Most of the singing consists of the protter Bundayschool hymna and the livelier Moody and Sankey compositions. There is a certain swing to these which appeals to the juvenile fancy. This is their favorite secular song:

What are little girls made of? Sugar and spice And all that's nice— That's what girls are made of.

What are little boys made of?
Frogs and enails
And Chow dog's tails—
That's what they are made of. The teachers prefer hymns to these verses, but the little ones likes the "Chow" lines best.

Shades and Curtains. Mrs. Billtops tells me," said Mr. Billtops,

"that she has been trying for years and years to teach me the difference between shade and curtain, and that I haven't learned yet; but as a matter of fact, though I may still sometimes miscall the shade and speak of it as a curtain. I do know the difference between them: that the curtain is the thing that is hung and draped as for instance a lace curtain, while the shade is the thing that goes up and down on a collet. SOUTHERN WAR SONGS.

Verse of the Confederacy Collected and mal Library Librarian Young of the Congressional Library purchased recently from a Southern bookman a collection of half a hundred and more songs printed during the years of the rebellion by Southern houses. Many of the songs are original in words and music by Southern composers and writers, and some of them have since that time become famous all over the country. Others are adaptations for the South simply. Mr. Whittlesey, the head of the music department of the library, is much pleased with their purchase. It is to be the nucleus of a collection of the music of the Confederacy. The songs are not new copies, although they are all in fair condition. The collector who sold them to the library has made a search, in

all the names of the young women who first played and sang the songs written in their corners, after the fashion of young women's sheet music. These young women lived in a score or more of the Southern cities from Richmond to New Orleans. The war songs are the best of the collection. though many of them are intensely bitter in spirit. They are a vivid reminder of the old feelings and prejudices of the North as well as he South. People of the Confederacy will

his travels through the South for rare books

for Southern music. The sheets have nearly

frequently that seem entire strangers to a Northerner's ears: These are some of the names and title, pages The Alabama, Dedicated to the gallant

doubtless remember the names and the words

These are some of the names and title, pages;

"The Alabama, Dedicated to the gallant Captain Semmes, his officers and crew, and the officers and seamen of the Confederate States Mayy, Words by E. King, author of the naval songs of the South, Music by F. W. Rossier. Blehmond, Va., 1884."

"God Save the South, Our national Confederate anthem. Words by Ernest Halpin; music by C. T. De Coeniel, Richmond."

"Virginian Marsellaise."

"The Southern Soldier Boy, As sung in the Virginian Cavaller, at the Richmond, New Theatre by Miss Sadie Partington, Air, The Boy with the Auburn Hale, Words by Captain C. W. Alexander, A. A. G. and A. P. M. Entered secording to Act of Congress in the year, 1983 by George Dunn in the Ulerk's Office in the District Court of the Confederate States of America for the Eastern District of Virginia."

"Farewell to the Star-Spangled Banner, Dedicated to the Army and Navy of the C. S. A. Blehmond: J. W. Davis & Sons."

"All Quiet Along the Potomae To-Night, Dedicated to the Unknown Dead of the Present Revolution. Music by J. H. Hewset, Words by Lamar Fontaine, Published by Julian A. Selly, Columbia, S. C."

"Harp of the South Awake, Words by J. M. Kilgour, Music by C. L. Peticolas."

"When This Cruei War Is Over, Words by Charles C. Sawyer, Music by Henry Tucker."

Mr. J. H. Hewset, the composer of Side music of "All Quiet Along the Potomae To-Night," is credited with the music of this song in some of the works on Southern songs.

"The Southern Soldier Boy" goes in this ay:

Beb Resbuck is my sweetheart's name,

Bob Roebuck is my sweetheart's name,
'He's off to the war and gone;
He's fighting for his Namis dear,
His aword is buokled on.
He's fighting for his own true love,
His foce he does defy,
He is the darling of my heart,
My Southern soldier boy.

I hope for the best, and so do all
Whose hopes are in the field;
I know that we shall win the day,
For Sothrons never yield.
And when we think of those that are away,
We'll look above for joy;
And I'm mighty glad that my Bobby is
A Southern soldier boy. "Farewell to the Star-Spangled Banner

Let tyrants and alayes submissively tremble
And bow down their necks neath the Juggernant carf.
But brave men will rise in the strength of a nation
And cry "Give us freedom or else give us war!"

CHORUS.

Fargwell forever: the star-spangled banner. So longer shall wave or the land of the free; But we'll unfurl to the broad breeze of heaven. Thirteen bright stars round the palmetto tree. Thirteen bright stars round the palmetto tree.

Mr. King's song, "The Alabama," is one of the best in the collection. It was written in 1864, not long before the remarkable ship was destroyed, and at a time when she was the wonder and the pride of the entire Confederacy.

The wind blows off yon rocky shore,
Boys set your sails all free,
And soon our booming cannon's roag
Shall ring out merrily.

Ring up your Bunting taut apeak,
And awear, lads, to defend her
Gainst every toe, where'er we go,
Our motto, No surrender.

Then sling the bowl, drink every soul, A toast to the Alabama. Whate'er our lot, through storm or shot, Here's success to the Alabama. "Harp of the South, Awake." is one of the nost spirited of the collection. It runs:

Harp of the South, awake! From every golden wire Let the voice of thy power go forth Like the rush of a prairie fire, Into the heart of him That dares a freeman's grave
Hather than live to wear
The chains of a truckling slave.

CHORUS. Harp of the South, awakel
And strike the strain once more
Which perved the hero's heart
In the glorious days of yore.

Several of the songs were published by Herman I. Schreiber, among them, "When This Cruel War is Over," and also one edition of the well-known "Ail Quiet Along the Potomac To-Night." This publisher, Schreiber, was born in Germany, but came to this country several years before the war. When the war began he purchased a font of type in Philadelphia and man the blockade with it and set up his shop at Macon, Ga. It is recorded in the books on Southern songs that his publications did much to keep up the spirits of the Southern women while their husbands and brothers were away at the front. Among the other publishers were George Dunn of Richmond, Julian A. Selby of Columbia, S. C., Blackmar & Bros, of New Orleans and Augusta, Ga., and J. W. Davies & Sons of Richmond.

THERMOMETERS FOR WARSHIPS. Important Work Done by These Bits of Delicate Workmanship.

The thermometers used in the boiler rooms and magazines of warships in almost every navy in the world come from the United States. They are made in an obscure little workshop in Brooklyn. By their aid the magazines and coal bunkers are guarded against accidents by spontaneous combustion. The temperature in all the vital parts of a ship is watched constantly and reported, and, it is hardly necessary to say, is kept at the lowest point possible. The factory consists of two rooms in an

The factory consists of two rooms in an apartment house. Two skilled workmen are all that have to be paid off when payday comes around. A thermometer lastely adopted by some of the big battleships, orders for which are now being filled for several of the smaller vessels in the navy, is that which is known among experts as the Hicks pattern. It takes its name after the English manufacturer who invented it. It is so complicated in pattern that there is only one man in the United States who knows how to make it. He is employed in the Brooklyn factory, where he has his hands full. The attractive feature about this instrument is that it automatically resords the lowest and the highest temperatures to which it has been subjected since has observed. This is accomplished without the use of an ink marked diagram, but by little floats which atket in the tubes where the mercury has been highest and where it has been lowest. Such thermometers, however, are very expensive, as, in fact, are all of those which are made in the queer Brooklyn factory. Nothing is there made but high-priced instruments for special accentific tests, in which it is necessary to asceptain temperature with fractional accuracy. Cheap thermometers, such as are commonly seen in ordinary use, are made in various places all over the world.

Henry J. Green, the owner of the Brooklyn workshop, is a close student and is little known to the outside world. Among officials in the navy and Weather Bureau he has probably a wider circle of friends than any other man in America, however, Personally he has made many inventions, and has added much to thermometers is not due to himself. His father, who established the shop, established its reputation also and gave its present owner his practical knowledge of exact thermometry.

Since the war came the shop has been unable to supply the demands made upon it by the United States Navy alone. The orders it has now are weeks behindhand, and cannot immediately be filled because of the lack of the recent wholesale conversion apartment house. Two skilled workmen are

For the Tired Man.

"When a man gets so tired and worn out with work and worry that he feels that it would be a-relief to him to get sick, so that he would have to let go and lie down for a time," said Mr. Gozzleton, "then it is time for him to take a day off. As a rule, there's nothing like work to set a man up; but there are times when there's nothing like idleness."

RISE OF LANDSCAPE ART.

IT IS, NOW A RECOGNIZED PART OF GOOD ABCHITECTURE.

The Surroundings Are as Much a Part of a Building as a Building Is Part of Its Surroundings - Well - Equipped Arch-Steets Now Studying Landscape Art.

In the old days, when a man wanted a country house he hired an architect, told him how many rooms he wanted and how much money he was willing to spend, and the architect drew up the plans. After the house was built the grounds were beautified according to the owner's individual taste; and the result generally was enough to make a lover of the fitness of things tear his hair and lament loudly, The system, or lack of system, still prevails,

but a change is going on, and new theories are widening their influence each year. Many architects, sufficiently successful to be independent, and sufficiently conscientious to be rne to their ideals, refuse nowadays to undertake the plans of a country house unless they also have control of the landscape work upon the grounds. They assert that the landscape is a part of the house, as the house is of the landscape. The style of architecture for the house must be chosen with a view to the natural setting of the grounds, but after that is done the artificial effects in the grounds must be made to sustain and perfect the lines and scheme of the house. The two must make one perfect whole, and for that reason both should grow together in the architect's brain. The vistas seen from various parts of

louse, the views of a house gained from diferent points of approach, are as much a part of architecture as the arrangement of bath-rooms and the thickness of studding. A winding approach to a house in which straight lines and formal severity prevail will reduce the landscape architect to nervous prostration, though in more remote parts of the grounds, where no architectural responsibility rests upon the landscape, he may encourage a labyrinth of winding paths and curving drives. He will tell one that there are two kinds of landscape treatment, the architectural and the naturalistic, and that each'is right, in its proper place, and he will probably draw his illustrations from Paris. There may be doubt as to whether all good Americans, when they die, go to Paris; but, surely, all good architects, when they die, go to Paris, fost of them go there, even before they are good, for the Beaux Arts is the Meson for all aspiring students of architecture.

All'of new Paris is architectural in the finest sense, landscape art and architecture canter. hand in hand, down the Champs Elysées and the Avenue de l'Observatoire, and lounge together in the Flace de la Concorde and the Luxembourg Gardens. In Baris, when a new street must be cut in any quarter of the town, all the best architects are called into consultation. They figure and plan and discuss visitas and effects as though the aim were not merely to arrange a way of getting from one given point to another, but to beautify the city. Over here the city fathers have such matters in charge and their vistas are a trifle limited.

The Champs Elysees, aweeping superbly straight through the in the Place de la Concorde and the Luxembourg

their vistas are a trifle limited.

The Champs Flysces, sweeping superbly straight through the city, with the great Are crowing its summit, and with its source in the Place de la Concorde, is a magnificent example of what our landscape architect calls "architectural landscape," The Bois de Boulogne, with its thick wood and winding paths, is smother thing—charming but less difficult of secomplishment—for the landscape gardener may perfect naturalistic landscape, but the architect is essential to the architectural landscape.

dener may perfect naturalistic landscape, but the architect is essential to the architectural landscape.

Europe has long recognized the necessity of a union between landscape art and architecture. The men who planned the beautiful old Italian villas planned the gardens and terraces which were to be their setting, and the same harmony is to be found in the old estates of France and England.

Landscape art is a development of an advanced civilization and a subtle artistic sense, and it is encouraging to find even the dawn of it in America to-day. The movement is well started; the ideals are firmly rooted in the brains of those few architects whose influence is far-reaching, and a proper appreciation of the connection between architecture and landscape will do more toward beautifying the country than any other element of art progress. That this appreciation is developing, sevident to all who watch art signs and portents closely. The projectors of the California University gave a splendid impetus to the movement. Their first step was to open a competition for complete surface plans of buildings and grounds. No elevations were required. The setting of the buildings and their relation to the grounds was the first vital point under consideration. All of America's first architects were consulted in the matter. Carte blanche was given the managers in regard to the expense necessary for obtaining the most satisfactory plans. An international jury was consulted and the decision was finally reached in Belgium. All of the successful competitors had studied in the Beaux Arts, where landscape art is taught as an essential element of architecture.

This is the first great instance in America of a proper appreciation of the importance of the landscape and architectural ideas with magnificent lavishness of expenditure. Naturally progress and searchitectural ideas with magnificent lavishness of expenditure.

taste has developed further. America will carry out landscape and architectural ideas with magnificent lavishness of expenditure. Naturally, progress shows first in the private estates of the cultured few, but public enterrises will fall in line, and there will be salvation even for cities. Already new small parks are showing more pretensions to artistic beauty and intelligent treatment than old parks. Many of the foreign schools of landscape gardening devote their attention chiefly logardening in its natural sense—planting, treatment of flowers and trees, &c.—and the mentained in these schools are most valuable in the detail work of landscape art, but for a landscape artist of the highest type a thorough knowledge of architecture is essential.

The métier has attracted many women, since women have been entering all art fields, and several young American women are fairly successful in the profession, but, being barred from the Beaux Arts, women are sadly handicapped, and are obliged to do their studying in private atellers. As a result, it is with them, as with the majority of the architects who are experimenting with landscape art. They do some charming work, nice in feeling and sentiment, but they lack the thorough understanding and grasp of their subject which are necessary to intelligent handling of problems of architectural landscape, and their work is so far, amsteurish. However, we are only at the beginning of the art.

RINGERS AMONG THE BEANS,

The Way a Supply of Fresh Quinine Influenced a Poker Game. "Perhaps I shouldn't go into any retrospes-

ions that might reflect upon the doctor's

chances of election," said Major Drollier, "but there's one thing that has always prejudiced me against him. It is a small matter, and perhaps my proof is not conclusive enough to stablish a case against him before an ordinary jury, but from the point of view of any sporting man it certainly would look bad for him. We were down in the Red River country together in '74, and time hung heavy on our hands during the evenings. The doctor fed us lots of quinine to keep down the swamp fevers and gave us wholesome advice about diet, particularly cautioning us against fresh milk from the neighborhood. Of course we played poker, and, as I recollect it, the doctor was an inveterate loser. He didn't seem to know the commonest rudinents of the game, and was an impatient player as well as a sullen loser. We played with shotgam wads for chips, and there were less than 500 in the camp.

"Now comes the singular and suggestive chain of circumstances, which makes me arraign the doctor. We had been taking our quining in powdered form and the stock gollow. Doe made a requisition on St. Louis for more, and it seemed show coming. One night when he was a heavy loser and I was the banker, as usual, he pretended to get mad, at the gun wads, said they were grimy old hoodoos, and at the close of the game chucked em all into the fire.

"Next night when we wanted to start a game he suggested that we should get 500 white beans from the cook and use them. I consented and counted out the beans at 10 cents cach. When we came to finish up I had to go down in my pocket and said nothing. Next dayf got thinking about the matter and counted out the beans alound in the beans down in my pocket and said nothing. Next dayf got thinking about the matter and counted up the beans. I found I had 580. Then I looked 'em over and found that a lot of them were ringers. Artificial beans, you might say, I said nothing about it, but separated the ringers from the genuine beans and put them in an other pocket. I was on to wooden putmers and had heard of shoepeg oats, but I coulen't see how anybody could afford to make mitation beans even if they did sell for a dime a piece on extraordinary occasions. That afternoon Lieut. Hanger said to me:

"That he showed me two of the bean ringers, and all least was:

"That he showed me two sporting man it certainly would look bad for him. We were down in the Red River country